

will never give you peace. If you love me, cherish my poor wife—"

"I don't know about that, Percy," answered the old man thoughtfully. "I understand that she can take pretty good care of the child—"

"What!" shouted Percy, and for the first time a dreadful suspicion began to show itself in Madame Ida's manner. "Have I a child?"

"And you have let my wife and child starve on a dollar a day, you infernal scoundrel!" shouted the ghost, throwing off its trappings and striding up to the father. "Father, it is I Percy, in flesh and blood. I am not a ghost."

The old man rose stiffly out of his chair.

"That's just like you, Percy," he said reproachfully. "You never were strong for veracity. First you tell me you are a spirit and then you say you aren't. Which am I to believe?"

"He is a spirit," cried Madame Ida. "The elementals have got him and built up a framework of flesh and blood about him. I warned you, Mr. Karpen. Your son is in summerland—"

"I tell you I am a human being, you old impostor," shouted Percy, clutching his father by the arm. "Father, surely you know me. Look at me!"

"It does look like you, Percy," admitted his father. "But you know the elementals are clever fellows. How do I know you aren't in summerland and that the elementals are just fooling me?"

"Of course they're fooling you," shouted Madame Ida angrily. "You aren't the first man that has been fooled by an elemental. Why, Queen Victoria once said to me—"

"I'm afraid you are an elemental, Percy," said his father, shaking his head. "And I'm sorry, because if it was really you I'd ask you to forget the past and come home with me, where your wife and baby have been living two years past, and say, Percy, you infernal chump, if you're ready to quit this foolishness and come home

there's a job waiting for you and the calf ready for the butcher."

"You bet your life!" yelled Percy, flinging his arms about his father.

And Madame Ida, looking alternately at the door and at her \$50, realized that she would have to find a new professor before the next seance.

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TODAY'S LENTEN DISH

By Caroline Coe

Rice Tomato Soup.—Wash and drain 1 cup of rice. Put 2 tablespoonfuls of melted crisco in sauce pan, add rice and stir until rice is golden brown. Add 1 quart of water, 2 tablespoonfuls of chopped onion, 1 of green pepper, 1 pint of canned tomato or 4 fresh ones. Allow to simmer slowly for 2 hours.

Salt to taste at the end of the cooking. Serve in cups with a dash of grated parmesan cheese in each cup.

MOLLIFYING THEM



"I'm preparing a little cold lunch for your friends who are coming to play poker with you. Do you think I ought to serve some of my home made salad?"

"Yes, you might as well serve it. I usually lose and so I guess they won't mind the salad."